



The Call of Christmas

1914



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THE CALL OF CHRISTMAS—1914.

" For all we have and all we are,"
For Home and native land,
For Truth and Honour reaching far,
For Peace wrought out through bitter war,
'Tis ours to strive and stand.

For Mercy, Freedom, and the right
To live, to love, to pray,
Each nation trusting in the might
Of Him who is its guiding Light,
'Tis ours to stand-to-day!

For promise bright of Love and Peace
That lights the Christmas sky,
For Chorus that shall ne'er decrease
Till Hate and Wrong forever cease,
'Tis ours to live or die!

For all we have and all we are,
Our King of Love we own,
Through pain or peril, gloom or War,
We follow still the Christmas Star
To Love's eternal Throne!

THE SAILING OF THE FLEET.

Aug. 5, 1914.

In the solemn midnight watches, while the world lies
fast asleep,
And silence broods o'er peaceful fields and farms.
The battleships of Britain speed forth upon the deep,
To meet the bristling Titans, and Tueton clash of
arms;
And Britain's troth to keep!

Not theirs to weigh the causes that stirred the cruel
fray,
Or measure out the guilt of evil thought or deed!
'Tis Britain's voice has spoken! She bids them win
the day,
"Each man will 'do his duty,' nor fail he at her
need—"
They echo on their way!

They guard a nation's honor—an Empire's glory hold,
Millions of hearts are praying for their prowess
and their power,
With human hopes full-freighted for ages yet untold,
Of peace and freedom wrested from Europe's fate-
ful hour,
They speed on—stern and bold!

Lord of nations! who didst shatter a proud Armada's
might,
Be their shield and unseen vanguard!—with one
voice a nation cries:
"God and the Right" their war cry—to nerve them
for the fight,
To win—for Man and Freedom—where'er their
standard flies,
The triumph of the RIGHT!

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.

(Typifying Canadian Womanhood)

It is not hers in serried ranks to stand,
Face flash of fire and thundering cannonade,
Or deal out death with firm, unshrinking hand
To hosts dumb-driven to the tyrant's aid!

A gentler task is hers—to stand apart
Till man's stern battle has been fiercely fought,
Then bring the skillful hand and pitying heart
To staunch the ills the demon War has wrought.

A noble part is hers—to soothe, to heal,
—Bring God's best gift of mercy, strong and
calm;
To save life—not to take it; work out weal
Even from woe, and bring its blessed balm.

For hers can be the task, by grace divine,
Danger to face, where pain and wounds are rife,
Brave on the healing, not the "firing line."
—Hers the fair olive branch amid the strife!

So may she bring, like the prophetic Dove,
Promise of years when wars forever cease,
When swords shall turn to plough shares, Hate to
Love,
And "in God's will shall live eternal Peace!"

THE SACRIFICE OF BELGIUM.

Oh martyred Belgium—faithful, brave and true.
Passing the measure of an age like ours;
The spirit of your sires survives in you,
Their sunset glory bathes your battered towers!
A world stands lost in reverent surprise,
Watching the struggle you have nobly waged;
Honour and Freedom were your battle cries,
Amid the hurtling storm that round you raged.

All unoffending you—in word or deed—
On your fair fields the first fierce onslaught broke;
'Twas yours to check the Teuton's deadly speed
To crush the nations with one sudden stroke;
What though your battlements are overthrown,
Though neath their crumbling wrecks your warriors lie;
These served you better than your walls of stone,
What they have won for freedom shall not die.

It is not "hell" to fight 'mid smoke and fire,
'Mid thundering guns and shrapnel's screaming flight;
"Tis "hell" to live enslaved to base desire.
Nor know the blessedness of truth and right!
For these your old-time heroes, in their day,
Drenched with their life-blood your historic sod;
Their dauntless courage has not passed away,
But makes your freemen strong with faith in God!

Rapine and wrong have wreaked their cruel rage,
Your Rachels mourn dear homes in ashes laid,
But you have helped to win a brighter age,
Leading the van in freedom's new crusade!
Not long the hour of anguish may endure,
Not long the powers of darkness have their way;
The night is waning, and the dawn is sure
That ushers in the new and glorious Day!

THE WORLD'S QUEST.

A Christmas Parable.

The world was lost for lack of love,
Nor knew her deepest, sorest need,
But sought to mount to heaven above
Through rite and ritual and creed.

Her stately temples towered on high,
With sculptured frieze and column fair,
And clouds of incense dimmed the sky,
Drifting across the crystal air.

In vain she piled her loftiest shrine
On pride of pomp and power of State.
Still bent to scale the heights Divine—
She fell—to depths of sin and hate!

Then—at her bidding—Reason sought
The track unknown to eagle's flight;
But fluttered back, with wings untaught
To soar to such transcendent height.

She mustered forth a countless host
An earthly prize—at least—to gain,
In triumph's hour, her hope was lost.
Crushed out in misery and pain!

Then—humbled low—she looked to heaven
With helpless hands and yearning cry,
To meet the wondrous answer given
By angel choir—from radiant sky—

To find the force, so sweet and strong,
To link her life to heaven above,
In Babe Divine, in angels' song,—
The one all-conquering force of Love!

Yet turned once more her restless eyes
To earthly power and pomp and pride,
Till—tempted by the glittering prize—
She threw her priceless gift aside!

And faith grew faint, as Love waxed cold,
And Hopes had almost fled away,
But one pure gleam was hers to hold,
Of lighted that dawned with Christmas Day!

And still she seeks, and still she waits,
While—half unheard—the angels sing,
Till—opened wide the pearly gates—
She owns at last her Lord and King!

Agnes Maule Machar

